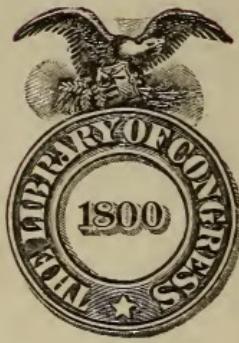


PR
5101
.M348
1843



Class PR 5101

Book M 348

1843

DOBELL COLLECTION



21 p. 125

W. Holman & Co. Ltd
from
Charles Norton

S O N N E T S.



SONNETS.

BY

EDWARD MOXON.



LONDON :

PRINTED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS.

M D C C C X L I I I .

PR5101
M348
1843

205449
'13

TO
HIS BROTHER,
WILLIAM MOXON,
THE FOLLOWING
SONNETS
ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

S O N N E T S.



P A R T T H E F I R S T.

M DCCC XXX.



SONNET I.

—♦—

LONE midnight-soothing melancholy bird,
That send'st such music to my sleepless soul,
Chaining her faculties in fast controul,
Few listen to thy song ; yet I have heard,
When Man and Nature slept, nor aspen stirred,
Thy mournful voice, sweet vigil of the sleeping—
And liken'd thee to some angelic mind,
That sits and mourns for erring mortals weeping.
The genius, not of groves, but of mankind,
Watch at this solemn hour o'er millions keeping.
In Eden's bowers, as mighty poets tell,
Did'st thou repeat, as now, that wailing call—
Those sorrowing notes might seem, sad Philomel,
Prophetic to have mourned of *man* the *fall*.

SONNET II.



My Love she is a lowly but sweet flower,
And I would wear her in my breast, for she
Is full of fragrance, and such modesty
That I ev'n sanctify that precious hour,
When first my eyes her worshippers became.

He, who hath mark'd the opening rose in spring,
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.

For Fortune if I struggle, or for Fame,
'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the dark black hair,
And darker eyes. My only wish to share
The sunless sums low sunk beneath the sea,
Is that with it I might my true love greet,
And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

SONNET III.



THERE is in Rydal's vale a river sweet,
Clear, too, as Cydnus, called the Wild Brathay,
That warbling urges on his crystal way,
Till he his shining bride, the Rothay, meet,
Winding along her amorous mate to greet.

United, thence through flowery meads they stray;
Nor storm, nor heat, nor time their loves can sever,
Till hushed in Windermere they sleep for ever.

Thus have I imaged oft, in union blest,
Gliding from youth to age, the soul-knit pair,
Emulous alone each other's worth to share,—
Sinking at last in that eternal rest,
Where the pure spirit dwells in kindred love,—
The haven Contemplation sees above !

SONNET IV.



FAREWELL, gay France! my pilgrimage hath end:
Yet will I oft in thought return to thee,
Fair land of mirth, of smiles, and courtesy;
Where every grace of polished life doth blend.
Rude Scotia's gentle Queen! I now forgive,
And understand her parting tears; my mind
Shapes her fair form on the rough deck reclined,
Far thence from France, and known delights to live;
Bidding to all she lov'd a last adieu.
Well might her then unspotted spirit stay
And gaze, till hope grew faint, while died away
Those happy shores; as now I do review,
Gay land, those pleasures flown, leaving thy shore;
Perchance, like her, to breathe thy joys no more.

SONNET V.



WHENE'ER I linger, Thomson, near thy tomb,
Where Thamis urges his majestic way,
And the Muse loves at twilight hour to stray,
I think how in thy theme all seasons bloom ;
And praise thy tuneful Brother, who preferr'd,
'Fore all the vaults in Westminster's proud pile,
A grave in Twick'nam's unpretending aisle.

What heart so cold, that of thy fame has heard,
And pauses not to gaze upon each scene
That was familiar to thy raptur'd view ?

Those walks beloved by thee while I pursue,
Musing upon the years that intervene,
Methinks, as eve descends, a Hymn of praise
To thee, their Bard, the Sister Seasons raise.

SONNET VI.

TO A BIRD.

SWEET captive, thou a lesson me hast taught
Excelling any which the schools convey;
Example before precept men obey.

Methinks already I have haply caught
A portion of thy joy. Contentment rare,
For one in dull abode like thine, I trace,
Blended with warblings of such cheerful grace;

And yet without a listening ear to share,
Save mine, thy melody. Thus all day long,
Ev'n as the youthful bard that meditates
In scenes the visionary mind creates,

Thou to some woodland image tun'st thy song;
A prisoner too to hope, like him, sweet bird,
In lonely cell thou sing'st, and sing'st unheard.

SONNET VII.

SIDNEY, thou star of beaming chivalry,
That rose and set 'mid valour's peerless day;
Rich ornament of knighthood's Milky-way ;
How much our youth of England owe to thee,
Thou model of high learning and meek grace
That realized an image which did find
No place before, save in the inventive mind
Of hoping man. In thee we proudly trace
All that rever'd Antiquity can show
Of acts heroic that adorn her page,
Blending with virtues of a purer age.
Upon thy tomb engrafted spirits grow,
Where sit the warbling Sisters who attend
The shade made sacred to the Muses' friend.

SONNET VIII.

THE moon is sailing through the calm blue sky,
The village clock the knell of night hath rung,
While o'er these solitudes silence hath flung
Her magic awe. No stream now murmurs by:
The west wind sleeps within his hollow cell;
Ev'n Philomel hath her sweet song deferr'd:
One only one foreboding voice is heard,
Which doth within the wanderer's bosom dwell.
Dark visions now obscure the path I tread;
Methinks the earth seems but a mighty tomb,
And those that listless sleep, the peaceful dead,
Destined no more to rise in cheerful bloom;
While yonder moon, sole mourner left to weep,
Doth o'er a shrouded world sad vigil keep.

SONNET IX.

SOLACE DERIVED FROM BOOKS.

HENCE Care, and let me steep my drooping spirit
In streams of Poesy, or let me steer
Imagination's bark 'mong bright scenes, where
Mortals immortal fairy-land inherit.

Ah me ! that there should be so few to merit
The realized hope of him, who deems
In his Youth's spring that life is what it seems,
Till sorrows pierce his soul, and storms deter it
From resting there as erst ! Ye visions fair
Of genius born, to you I turn, and flee
Far from this world's ungenial apathy ;
Too blest, if but awhile I captive share
The presence of such Beings as engage
The heart, and burn thro' Shakspeare's matchless page.

SONNET X.

AND do I then behold again the scene,
Where once I sported when a wanton child ;
The mead, the church, the streamlet running wild,
With here and there a fairy spot between
Smiling, as there rude storm had never been ?
Alas ! how changed are we who once did rove,
Calder, thy then enchanted banks along ;
Retiring now to the sequester'd grove,
Now cheerful heark'ning to the accustom'd song
That rose at eventide these vales among !
The charm and hope of youth the green leaves wear ;
'Tis only man that blossoms and decays,
To know no second spring. I thoughtful gaze
With dream of years long past, and drop a tear.

SONNET XI.

As is the Sun essential unto spring,
Wings to the Eagle to sustain his flight,
Or Moon to give enchantment to the night,
So is the presence of the maid I sing
Essential to my being. Ye Pow'rs above,
Presiding o'er the destinies of men,
Reveal in some sweet dream the chaste hour, when
I may presume to breathe 'fore heaven my love.
O happy thought, tho' but of hope the flower !
Methinks I see the purest of her kind
Blushing 'neath fillets that her dark hair bind,
Yielding to me her heart, itself a dower
Richer than any which, in days gone by,
Ev'n Kings to win have proved their chivalry.

SONNET XII.

Lo ! yonder barks that from the calm bay glide,
Buoyant they ride over the deep abyss,
The swift winds follow their white sails to kiss ;
Prancing like steeds they spurn the purple tide.
But whither do they go, or when return ?
Unlimited to me their course appears,
Too wide the space to be devoid of fears,
Though for their guide in heaven a star should burn.
As one by one majestic they advance,
In vain the waves their bounding strength oppose ;
On, on, her country's pride, the vessel goes,
Light as the breezes that around her dance ;
So like a thing of hope she leaves the bay,
A spirit passing from our world away.

SONNET XIII.



IF I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies
A way from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:
These with their donor changing die or live.
Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom :
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—
Need I the secret of my soul impart ?
Be witness ye that love, 'tis *woman's heart*.

SONNET XIV.

WALTON ! when, weary of the world, I turn
My pensive soul to thee, I soothing find
The meekness of thy plain contented mind
Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
To sympathize with nature, nor repine
At Fortune who, tho' lavish of her store,
Too often leaves her favourites richly poor,
Wanting both health and energy divine
Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks ev'n now
I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
Her rosy cheek displays,—while streams that flow,
And all that gambol near their rippling source,
Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse.

SONNET XV.

TO THE WORLDLINGS.

SPEAK not to me of fortune or base gain ;
Both Indies hold no treasure half so fair
As she I love. Dull lead can ye compare
With rubies or with diamonds ? Cease your strain.
Have I not eyes that kindly look on me ;
Lips that to touch would charm an anchorite ;
Calm hope that lives in dimples, where delight
Sits ever thron'd ; a voice whose melody
The west winds imitate when they would press
The rosy cheek of June ; smiles far more cheering
Than bright Apollo's, thro' the dark clouds peering ;
With these a heart that even despair might bless ?
Away, ye worldly crew, or tell me which
Of all yon servile crowd is half so rich ?

SONNET XVI.



WHY doth the tear, my soul, unbidden start,
At sight of these my long-lost native hills,
Girt with bright landscapes and encircling rills,
That used a different solace to impart ?
What mean the sobs that this full heart oppress,
That whilom leapt for joy their sides to gain ;
When like the playful colt my feet would strain
To climb their flowery heights, and gaining bless
Their airy summit ? What portend these tears ?
The meads are clothed in beauty as before—
But, my companions, ye are here no more,
With whom I spent that youth, those happy years ;
Nor can I now on hope's wild pinions soar,
But must through dreary scenes my path explore.

SONNET XVII.

HARK, 'tis a mother singing to her child
Those madrigals that used *her* ears to greet,
When she, an infant like that spring-flower sweet,
Lent her charm'd ears to nurse, or mother mild,
That sang those nursery stories strange and wild—
 Of Knights, of Robbers, and of Fairy Queens
 Dwelling in Castles 'mid enchanted scenes—
The songs which plain antiquity beguiled.
Or is her theme of him, her lord, whose bark
 Is ploughing, 'neath his guidance, Indian seas ;
 Or far detain'd by polar skies, that freeze
His glad return ? She, tuneful as the lark
 That warbling soars, tho' Phœbus cease to smile,
 Lifts her soft voice, and sings, tho' sad the while.

SONNET XVIII.



AH, what is life ! a dream within a dream ;
A pilgrimage from peril rarely free ;
A bark that sails upon a changing Sea,
Now sunshine and now storm ; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone ;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon.
Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won the grave appears.

SONNET XIX.

On an Oak, in the Parish of Cheshunt, said to have been planted in 1066, by Sir Theodore Godfrey, or Goffby, who came over with William the Conqueror.

GIGANTIC time-worn Tree, what moons have fled
Since thou wert planted first by warlike hand !
Nigh twice four hundred years have swept the land ;
And yet, defying time, thou lift'st thy head
Still green, nor fear'st the storms that round have spread
Thy weak compeers. They scatter'd lie, and rent,
Ev'n as that Chieftain old, whose monument
Thou art. In him pleased Fancy fain would trace
A knight of high emprise and good intent ;
Within whose breast wrong'd orphans' woes found place,
Ever in rightful cause the Champion free,
Of his proud times the ornament and grace ;
A wight well worthy to recorded be
In fairest archives of bright chivalry.

SONNET XX.

BRING me a posie of the choicest flowers,
And as my true love now is dead to me,
Straight I of them will make a Deity,
And worship it at consecrated hours.
Let there be roses, emblems of her lips,
And lilies fair to represent her cheeks,
Woodbine her hair ; in vain my fancy seeks
For emblems of her eyes ! stars that eclipse
All others, and comparison outshine ;
But for *these* bring the darkest violet.
Her voice, her forehead, and her white teeth, set
Like pearls around a crown ; those to define
Were far too great a task for my poor wit,
And all exceed which dreaming Bards have writ.

SONNET XXI.

— • —

SLEEP, infant Pilgrim ! Over thee one bends,
Too anxious for thy being, thee to rob
Of one sweet dream. Surveying thee, the throb
Of future years steals o'er me ; yet hope blends
Her lilies with fear's dark contrasted flowers.

Long may the former bloom for thee, meek child,
And oft repeated be these slumbers mild
Which now so softly lull thy cherub hours.

Thou, like a flow'ret of the virgin May,
In lusty beauty puttest forth a ray,
Which time will brighten till thy noon arrive,
As summer to the offspring of the field.

Storms thence against thee their wild course will drive,
And, like the flower, thou to their strength must yield.

SONNET XXII.

DIVINEST Poesy ! without thy wings
Life were a burthen, and not worth receiving ;
Youth fadeth like a dream, Care keeps us grieving,
Early we sicken at all pleasure brings.
Thou only art the ever genial maid,
That strew'st with flowers the winter of our way ;
Companion meet in city or in shade,
Magician sweet whose wand all things obey ;
Thou peoplest with divinities the grove,
Pictur'st old times, and with creative skill,
Mould'st men and manners to thy heavenly will.
Mistress of sympathy and winning love,
O be thou ever with me, with me—wholly,
To smile when I am gay, to sigh when melancholy.

SONNET XXIII.



METHOUGHT my Love was dead. O, 'twas a night
Of dreary weeping, and of bitter woe !
Methought I saw her lovely spirit go
With lingering looks into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a beauteous light,
That all the fires in heaven compared with this
Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.
There seem'd henceforth the haven of my bliss ;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might never break again,
But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas ! o'er it my vows had no controul.
The lone star set : I woke full glad, I deem,
To find my sorrow but a lover's dream.

SONNET XXIV.

THE meads are scatter'd with the pride of Spring ;
Great Nature mourns, like a deposed Queen,
Her vestments rent ; sad Summer quits the scene,
With scarce a voice to chant her praise, or sing
The unhallow'd change. How soon decay doth fling
Ev'n o'er the fairest the tomb's sickening hue !
Hark ! 'tis the autumnal gale on restless wing,
With Desolation eager to pursue
Her ruthless course. The bright hours hastening flee,
Yet leave to those of melancholy mood
Much pleasure ; such I find, and pleasing brood
O'er Nature most in her humility.
Unlike the world, whose smiles few then can boast,
In her decay I love, and love her most.

SONNET XXV.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice upon me call,
As listless in desponding mood I lay,
Whiling the melancholy hour away,
'Mid fears that did my fondest hopes enthral.
'Twas not the trumpet voice of Fame I heard,
Nor Fortune's, nurse of impotence and care ;
Nor yet the moanings deep of fell Despair.
But O ! it was the voice of one that stirr'd
In every leaf ! Sweet, sweet the accents came,
And stole in pure affection to my heart,
Healing within wounds bleeding 'neath the smart
Of bitterest woe. Up sprang my gladden'd frame
Restored, as henceforth brighter days to see ;—
Thy voice it was I heard, meek Piety.

SONNET XXVI.



'Tis not for thee, my Sister, that I grieve,
Whose little life scarce two moons measured round ;
Thou had'st not time to smile on me, ere bound
Unto that land where hope can ne'er deceive.
I saw thee, but it was in that repose
Unequall'd for its quiet ; 'twas in death :
A cherub beautiful, but wanting breath,
And wings such as young seraphim disclose.
Thou happy art ; I only mourn for them
Who weep for thee, and will for many a day,
Till time shall wipe affection's tears away.
Methinks I hear a voice their grief condemn :
“ Weep not for me,” the lost one's spirit cries ;
“ In Abraham's bosom blest your infant lies.”

SONNET XXVII.

How sweet the moon is climbing heaven's hill !
The night seems just as if for gallants made ;
Her silver light gives courage, while the shade
In dim disguise the Lover hides. How still,
And yet how musical ! Methinks I hear
A voice in every tree, as tho' they loved ;
And at this hour towards each other moved :
So loving seems the night, so soft, and clear.
Groves, streams, dells, flowers, in solemn silence sleep ;
While from yon terrace or high castled tower,
A pale light glimmers, which bespeaks the bower
Where Love expectant breathless watch doth keep ;
Herself the star, eclipsing those above her,
That shines, and to her chamber lights her Lover.



SONNETS.



PART THE SECOND.

M DCCC XXXV.

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING

S O N N E T S

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

SONNET I.



By classic Cam a lovely maiden grew :
The sun scarce shone upon her tender birth
Ere she was left, the loneliest thing on earth,
An orphan bent by every wind that blew.
But He who ne'er forsakes the fatherless,
Who led confiding Ruth by hand unseen
The freely scatter'd barley-ears to glean,
Was ever with her in her loneliness.
Thus in her solitude her mind became
Of gentleness and love the sanctuary.
Thither one day, 'twas in that season merry
In which the Cuckoo sings her own sweet name,
Walking perchance, the peerless maid I spied,
And from that moment sought her for my bride !

SONNET II.

My Love I can compare with nought on earth,
And all my fear is only lest she be,
Like all we prize too much, removed from me,
'Mong amaranths to bloom of heavenly birth.
The fields of Cam bear witness of her worth ;
The pleasant Lea soft murmurs in her praise ;
Fair Cheshunt still rejoiceth in her mirth ;
And Thamis at her feet his treasure lays !
Italia bright would claim her for its own ;
But Albion, the seat of all my bliss,
Divides with it the boast, and prouder is
Of this than the chief jewel of her crown.
Happy is he who may possess this flower,
Graced by two nations with so rare a dower !

SONNET III.



THE cygnet crested on the purple water ;
The fawn at play beside its graceful dam ;
On cowslip bank, in spring, the artless lamb ;
The hawthorn robed in white, May's fragrant daughter ;
The willow weeping o'er the silent stream ;
The rich laburnum with its golden show ;
The fairy vision of a poet's dream ;
On summer eve earth's many-colour'd bow ;
Diana at her bath ; Aurora bright ;
The dove that sits and singeth o'er her woes ;
The star of eve ; the lily, child of light ;
Fair Venus' self, as from the sea she rose !
Imagine these, and I in truth will prove
They are not half so fair as she I love.

SONNET IV.

Com'st thou from Tuscany, my minstrel boy ?
Is that fair clime thy birth-place, where the sky
Is ever bright ? Do strains of harmony
There round thy cottage float, thy home of joy ?
Cheerful thou seem'st, as here along the strand,
From vale to vale, thou bear'st thy heavy load.
I love thee for thy music, and the land
That sent thee forth to gladden the abode
Of one that's dear to me, in whom there flows
The richest current of thy country's blood !
For this my willing hand a boon bestows
On thee and all thy tuneful brotherhood ;
For this alone welcome thou art to me,
And welcome all that come from pleasant Italy !

SONNET V.



FOUR days, wild Ocean, on thy troubled breast
A wanderer I have been ! Swift cloud and wave
Have occupied my thoughts, intent to save
From pain my soul so far from its own rest.
Ye gallant winds, if e'er your lusty cheeks
Blew longing lover to his mistress' side,
O puff your loudest, spread the canvass wide
Of our too tardy bark ! My whole heart speaks
In thus invoking you. Sweet Maid, with thee
Seated once more within my beechen grove,
The bower of graceful Emma and of love,
Glad I shall be, as he who from the sea
New lands beheld, or he of old who sat
And his bark saw rest safe on Ararat !

SONNET VI.

O SLEEP, do thou perform a holy task,
And o'er the orbs of yonder sainted maid,
With watchings worn, soft spread the tend'rest shade
That e'er the brow of virgin pure did mask.
Her to thy care, sweet Sleep, do I resign ;
Her eye-lids close, so that she may repair
Her fragile form ; and do thou nightly there
Shed on her, amid dreams, thy balm benign.
All excellent she is, therefore do thou
To her, mild Influence, health and strength restore,
And I will praise thee, as did Bards of yore,
And on thee choicest epithets bestow !
Descend, meek spirit, there, and, like the dove,
Shade with thy wings till morn the Maid I love.

SONNET VII.

FAIR art thou as the morning, my young Bride !

Her freshness is about thee ; like a river

To the sea gliding, with sweet murmur ever

Thou sportest ; and, wherever thou dost glide,

Humanity a livelier aspect wears.

Fair art thou as the morning of that land

Where Tuscan breezes in his youth have fann'd

Thy grandsire oft. Thou hast not many tears,

Save such as pity from the heart will wring,

And then there is a smile in thy distress !

Meeker thou art than lily of the spring,

Yet is thy nature full of nobleness !

And gentle ways, that soothe and raise me so,

That henceforth I no worldly sorrow know !

SONNET VIII.



O WHAT have I to do with lakes and seas,
With mountains, or with rivers winding slow ?
From Andes, capp'd with earth's primeval snow,
To towering Alps, or where the *Ægæan* breeze
Brings spicy odours from the Grecian Isles,
There is no landscape, bay, or promontory,
None that can match the beauty of thy smiles,
My Tuscan Floweret, of that clime the glory !
Hence wherefore should I roam, or gaze at even,
Or pant for summer, or the gorgeous mead ?
In thee, the Intelligence of Earth and Heaven,
With adoration pure, I daily read.
In thee, the essence of all good, I see
More than in Nature's dumb sublimity !

SONNET IX.

—♦—

THERE is a flower that never changeth hue ;
In vain the angry winds its leaves assail ;
Triumphant over time, in ev'ry vale
It lifts its hopeful head, glistering with dew.
The Maiden rears it in her own sweet looks ;
The Youth conjures it in the summer shade,
Pictures its image, as by murmuring brooks
He flies from scenes that his chaste dreams invade.
The very fields its presence own in spring ;
The hills re-echo with a song of gladness ;
The heavens themselves their store of tribute bring,
And in this flower all things renounce their sadness.
O Love ! where is the heart that knows not thee ?
Thou only bloomest everlasting !

SONNET X.

AND what was Stella but a haughty dame ?
Or Geraldine, whom noble Surrey sought ?
Or Sacharissa, she who proudly taught
The courtly Waller statelier verse to frame ?
Or Beatrice, whom Dante deified ?
Or she of whom all Italy once rung,
Compared with thee, who art our age's pride,
And the sweet theme of many a Poet's tongue ?
There is a nobleness that dwells within,
Fairer by far than any outward feature ;
A grace, a wit to gentleness akin,
That would subdue the most unloving creature.
These beauties rare are thine, most matchless Maid,
Compared with which, theirs were but beauty's shade.

SONNET XI.



WHERE Surrey's favourite hill o'erlooks the Thames,
And Twickenham's flowery meads fair maids invite,
The patient angler sits from morn till night
Pursuing his mild sport ; and who condemns
His quiet pastime in the summer air ?

He is the Muses' warbling son, and they
Ne'er suffer unbeguiled to pass away
The hours of him who is their special care.

For him the shade of Thomson shall arise ;
For him sad Eloisa's Bard shall sing ;
The fields for him assume their gayest dyes ;
From every lily shall a Naiad spring ;
For him old Faunus' voice shall cheer the skies,
And Nymphs and Dryads dance in festive ring !

SONNET XII.

HERE sleeps beneath this bank, where daisies grow,
The kindest sprite earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go.
His only mate is now the minstrel lark,
Who chants her morning music o'er his bed,
Save she who comes each evening, ere the bark
Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister's tears. Kind Heaven, upon her head
Do thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flowerets spread
Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet.

SONNET XIII.



RECEIVE him to thy arms, melodious shade !
Thou know'st his worth, for round one fountain ye
Together play'd, green wreaths of poesy
Twining for your young brows that shall not fade.
Few were your summers, when yon reverend pile,
Rear'd by good Edward, youthful king, whose dress
Marks still the Christ-boy 'mong the crowds that press
Round holy Paul's, you enter'd with a smile.
Methinks I see you 'neath those cloisters grey
Conning apart some Bard of elder days,
Spenser perchance, or Chaucer's pilgrim lay ;
Or doth La Mancha's Knight your wonder raise ?
Methinks I see you as of old ye sate
Within those walls with studious brows elate !

SONNET XIV.

How beautiful the scene ! ten thousand stars
Move in the heavens at their " own sweet will ; "
The Moon, her higher destiny to fill,
Rideth resplendent as the shield of Mars !
The sea beneath is tranquil as a child
Hush'd by caresses on its mother's breast,
There sleeping like a statue that doth rest
By dreams unmoved. By Fancy here beguiled,
Old Ocean ! I am with thee when did float
Their bark who first upon thy waves did ride,
And theirs the first to tempt the nobler tide,
Which was to waft them to strange climes remote ;
Lands which Columbus oft in vision view'd,
Wandering from Court to Court in solitude !

SONNET XV.

WORDSWORTH, of all men who have graced our age,—
Whether the muse they served, or in the state,
Stood at the helm, or in cathedral sate,
Or judge's chair, or yet adorn'd the page
Heroic deem'd, surpassing those of yore
Who shone at Poictiers, Cressy, Agincour!—
None have like thee from unknown sources brought
The light of truth, the feeling, and the thought
Dwelling in humblest things : the human heart
Thou hast ennobled ; and enlarged the spheres
Of our perceptions, giving them a part
In all that breathes ; nor stone, nor flower appears,
Whether in fields or hills retired and holy,
For thy all-comprehensive mind too lowly.

SONNET XVI.

Written in Père la Chaise, on the spot where Marshal Ney is buried.

WHAT ! neither flower nor cypress on thy grave,
While all around a hallow'd garden blooms ;
And Piety low bends among the tombs,
Watering with tears the earth she could not save ?
But not so sleeps the “ bravest of the brave ; ”
The Hero of a hundred battles ; gory
Though be the shroud he lies in, yet nor wave,
Nor storm, nor time, can e'er efface the story
Of his high deeds. Be satisfied, great shade !
No epitaph thou need'st, or marble heap :
Thee Chivalry her gallant son hath made ;
And History of thee much store will reap.
What need of monument, or tomb array'd,
When ev'n the stranger comes o'er thee to weep ?

SONNET XVII.

— • —

ROUEN ! I walked among thy narrow streets
With adoration dumb and pious awe ;
Thy palaces and holy piles I saw
Pond'ring as he who in old picture meets
With venerable faces—men whose story
Is blended with their country's. Much I mused,
And grieved that War and Rapine had abused
Humanity, and made even scenes of glory
Sicken the mind. I thought of her who here
Stood at the stake ; henceforth where'er I stray'd,
(Such the heart's sympathy, though many a year
Had since elapsed) whether in field, or shade,
Or where their time-worn fronts old altars rear,
My thoughts were ever with thee, Gallant Maid !

SONNET XVIII.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

HERE sleep the Lovers who in life were parted,
Clasp'd in each other's arms, while round their tomb
(Blest be the hands that set them!) wild flowers bloom,
And shed their perfume o'er the broken-hearted.

Hither the maids of France repair, what time
The spring revives the myrtle and the rose,
What time the lark sings blithely over those
That rest below. Long hither may they climb !

Immortal is the story of their fate
That sleep within ; the angry winds may blow,
The sculptured tomb crumble beneath the slow
But certain tooth of Time insatiate !

Yet amid these should all around decay,
Still would they *live* in one undying lay !

SONNET XIX.



BRIGHT was the moon as from thy gates I went,
Majestic Rouen ! and the silver Seine
Dimpled with joy, as murmuring to the main,
A pilgrim like myself, her course she bent.

Thou art a city beautiful to see,
Surpassing in magnificence that seat
Of kings, the capital, the gay retreat
Of which “ all Europe rings ! ” Full oft of thee
Will be my future dreams ; when far away,
I still shall mingle with thy ancient throng ;
Shall pace thy marble halls, and gaze among
The Gothic splendours of thy once bright day,
When the first Francis was thy guest, and thou
Thyself didst wear a crown upon thy brow !

SONNET XX.

(WRITTEN AT ST. CLOUD.)

How sweetly and how silently the river
Rolls at my feet, a mild majestic stream ;
O'er it the woods hang fondly, a sweet dream
Of peace and summer suns is theirs ; and ever
Within their arbours tenants of the spring
Sing songs of love. The vineyards up the hills
Run wildly, and the laughing maiden fills
Her basket with their clusters as they cling
Invitingly around ! O gentle Nature,
Man's wisest counsellor, had *He*, whose sphere
Is now the tomb, but look'd upon a feature
Of thy fair face, in his too mad career,
He had not shook the world, or gone a creature
Far off to die, but still had lingered here !

SONNET XXI.



THE earth a garden is wherein do grow
(With here and there a weed, they are but few,) Flowers of rich fragrance and of every hue,
Matching in beauty Iris' splendid bow !
With these my daily life I fain would blend,
To perfect out my being ; here to walk
With self-approving conscience ; not to stalk
A spectre self-condemn'd ; but to the end
Of this my pilgrimage, the good, the great,
With constant love pursue, so that whene'er
I summon'd am to quit this nether sphere,
I may not dread to change my mortal state ;
But keep a setting radiance, like the sun,
That shines serene till his great task be done

SONNET XXII.

—•—

THE Muses weep around their ancient seat ;
The streams of Stowey heave a piteous moan ;
The Nightingales he loved sit mute and lone ;
And the sad Lars leave not their dumb retreat.

The Dryads keep within their mossy cells ;
The flowers there open not at morn nor eve ;
The hills re-echo with a thousand knells,
For he is gone for whom all shepherds grieve.

He made the sweetest Music of them all,
And when he sang nor old nor young would stir ;
You could not even hear the waterfall
While he rehearsed that “ Ancient Mariner,”
Or told in accents, that like manna fell,
The wild and wondrous tale of Christabel !

SONNET XXIII.



As erst, thou com'st, sweet harbinger of Spring,
Singing the song that fed my boyish ears
With promised joys, and pastimes without tears !
Whence com'st thou thus so blithe ? Methinks thy wing
Hither hath borne thee from fair Tempe's bowers.
Welcome thou art as are the sunny days
Thou with thee bring'st ; or woodland choirs that raise
At thy approach their note ; while nymphs with flowers
The groves and meadows paint ! Welcome, sweet bird,
Whate'er the spot thou visitest, there glad
Thou mak'st the heart : Age is no longer sad ;
But doth forget his years when thou art heard !
When next thou leav'st us, would that I might share
Thy flight, and with thee to strange climes repair.

SONNET XXIV.

O SPRING, I 've loved thee from my earliest youth ;
Have dearly loved thy songs and open flowers ;
I 've lain and dreamt sweet dreams within thy bowers,
And ev'n now love thee with a first love's truth.
O whence this fond endearment ? Whence this thrill ?
This deep emotion, which through every limb
Runs like a current of new life to him
Who has escaped from death ? Is it that hill,
Green hill, and sunny vale, and sparkling stream,
And gladsome bird—so like on wanton wing
The being that I was, in my *life's* spring,
When youth was love and sorrow but a dream,—
Bring to my mind assurance of the day,
When youth renew'd shall burst this mortal clay ?

SONNET XXV.

ROGERS, when thou art gone thy graceful page
Fond hearts will cherish 'mid their choicest stores.
Happy the man who, while his spirit soars
And themes immortal his pure thoughts engage,
Can stoop to earth, Heaven's messenger of love,
Zealous the wrongs and hardship to assuage
Of struggling Genius or desponding Age.

This be thy fame, my friend. A wreath above
Even the crown of laurel thou hast won !

Better it is to win the heart than mind ;
But he who both in one sweet spell can bind,
Cheer with kind looks, or shine as Cowley shone,
And something good in every thing can find,
May safely hope his course he well hath run.

SONNET XXVI.

I CANNOT look in thy sweet face, dear maid,
And give assent unto the sceptic's creed,
Annihilating hope, leaving a reed
To lean on, unsubstantial as the shade
Of passing clouds. No, in the hour of need
High Heaven its own will claim : the form may fade ;
But the ethereal mind, the soul sublimed,
And purified with sorrow and with love,
Shall rise as virtuous metals rise above
The dross of earth. As upwards thou hast climbed
From infancy, so shalt thou shining soar
Triumphant over Death, and Fate, and Chance,
And every mortal strife ; *Life* is the trance
From which thou shalt awake to sleep no more.

SONNET XXVII.

—♦—

WHY lookest thou, sweet moon, so wan and sad,
As though thou jealous wert of my true love,
Who reignest here, as thou dost reign above,
The Queen of Beauty, in her own light clad ?
Thou shouldst not envious be of her who lends
To scenes thy light reveals, voice, looks, and grace,
And motion that doth charm the air and place
Thou dost so silvery paint. She who ascends
With me this flowery bank doth bless thy face ;
Then smile, sweet moon, and make her straight amends.
Nightly she glides beneath thy virgin ray,
And loves to see thee with thy diadem
Others eclipsing ; therefore light her way
That she escape the snares of evil men.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

FAIREST of virgins, daughter of a God,
That dwellest where man never trod,
Yet unto him such joy dost give,
That thro' thy aid he still in paradise may live !

II.

Immortal Muse, thy glorious praise to sing,
Could I a thousand voices bring,
They were too few. Who like to thee
Can captivate the heart whose soul is melody ?

III.

Early thou lead'st me to some gentle hill,
And wak'st for me the holy thrill
Of birds that greet the welcome morn,
Rejoicing on wild wing, thro' fields of ether borne.

IV.

Thou paint'st the landscape which I then survey,
Perfum'st with odours sweet my way,
Till I forget this world of woe,
And journey thro' a land where peerless pleasures flow.

V.

At noon thou bid'st descend a golden shower ;
To dream of thee I seek the bower,
And, like a prince of Inde, the shade
Enjoy, by thy blest presence more voluptuous made.

VI.

At eve, when twilight like a nun is seen,
Pacing the grove with pensive mien,
'Tis then thou com'st with most delight ;
No hour can be compar'd with thine 'twixt day and night.

VII.

'Tis, as it fadeth, like the farewell smile,
Which settles on the lips awhile
Of those we love, ere they in death
Resign to heaven their souls, to us their latest breath.

VIII.

Thou makest the lone Philomel to sing,
Createst a perpetual spring ;
Bid'st Memory wake 'neath yonder walls,
O'er which the tint of eve in solemn grandeur falls.

ix.

The heavens thou makest cloudless and serene,
And of the moon a huntress queen ;
To ev'ry star thou giv'st a spirit,—
In yonder Shakspeare dwells, *that* Milton doth inherit.

x.

The goodly of old time thou bring'st to view,
And with ancestral pomp can'st strew
The unromantic smooth-paced ways
Of these our philosophic but degenerate days.

xi.

The flower of chivalry before me stand,
Clad in bright steel, a warlike band ;
Among them some who serv'd the Muse,
And at their head the Man whom she could nought refuse*.

* Sir Philip Sidney.

XII.

Old bards are there ! mine eyes in reverence fall
Before their presence, 'neath whose thrall
My young life one sweet dream hath been,
Dwelling on earth in joys ideal and unseen.

XIII.

Thou mak'st the precious tear to gush from eyes,
Strangers to nature's sympathies ;
Tyrant and slave alike to thee
Have knelt, and solace found in dire adversity.

XIV.

Thro' thee the Lover sees with frantic pride
His Mistress fairer than Troy's bride ;
Thro' the sweet magic of thy art
He glories in his wounds, and hugs th' envenom'd dart.

xv.

Her face thou mak'st a heaven, and her eyes
The glory of those cloudless skies ;
They are the planets 'neath whose sway
The willing Lover bends on his celestial way.

xvi.

Thou cheer'st the prisoner in his lonely cell,
The broken spirit knows thee well ;
A troop of angels come with thee,
Wisdom, and Hope, calm Thought, and blest Tranquillity.

xvii.

Ambition blighted seeks thee, and the shade ;
Remembrance thee her voice hath made,
At whose sweet call, as to some tale,
We, list'ning, turn our bark 'mong pleasures past to sail.

XVIII.

Thou spread'st the canvas, and with gentlest winds
Impell'st the vessel, till she finds
Some genial spot, where bends the yew,
Or cypress waves o'er friends who long have bid adieu.

XIX.

Thou sooth'st the weary and uplift'st the low ;
The voice of God thou wert below :
The holy Prophets spake thro' thee,
And wept to see their harps hang mute on willow-tree.

XX.

Where now had been the warlike of old Troy,
Whom Time nor Tyrants can destroy,
If the bold Muse had never lent
Her aid to sing her chiefs brave, wise, or eloquent ?

XXI.

Who, when the Patriot falls 'neath ruthless power,
Revives for aye the genial shower ;
Whose moisture, like the morning's dews,
Keeps fresh the flower of fame—Who but the heavenly Muse ?

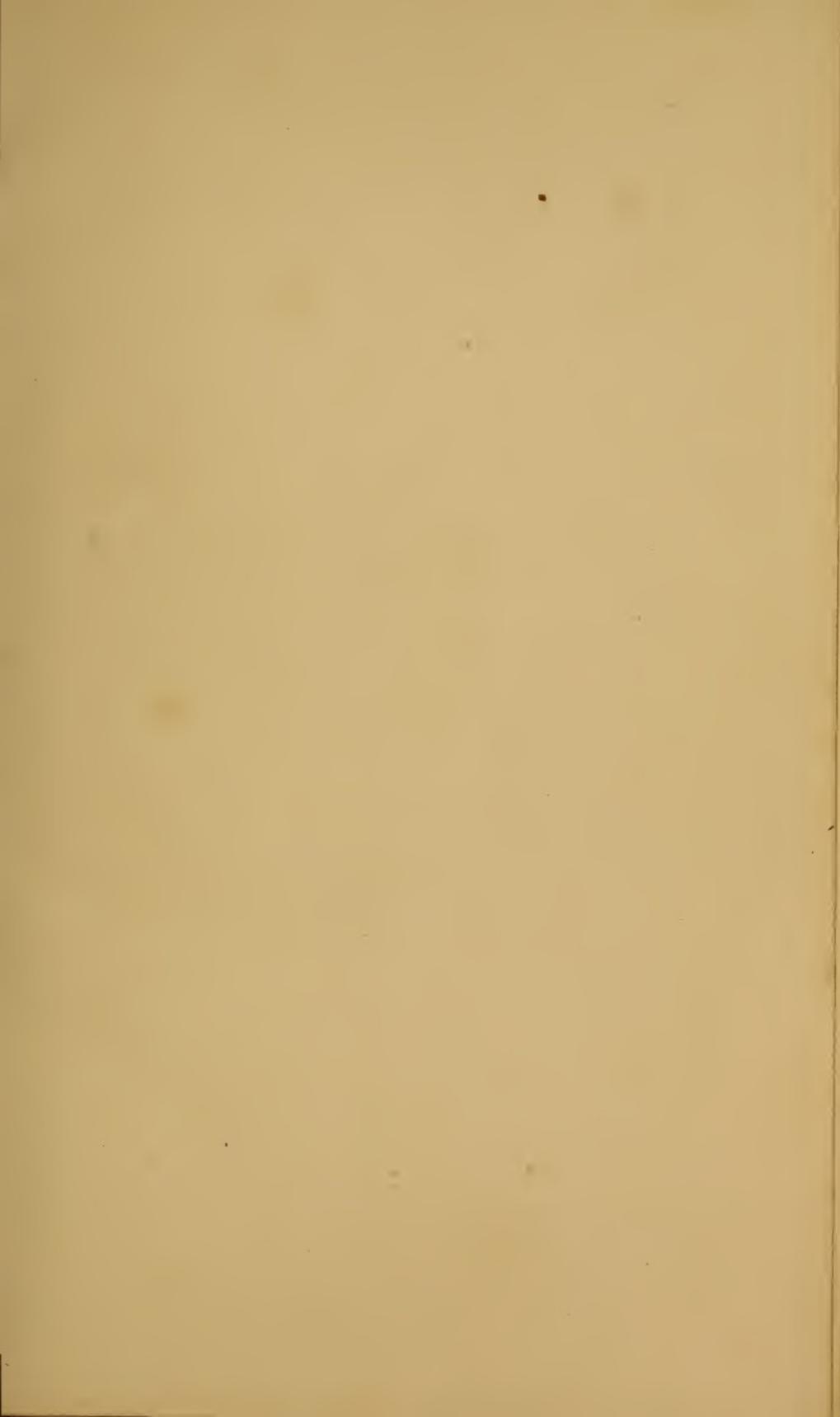
XXII.

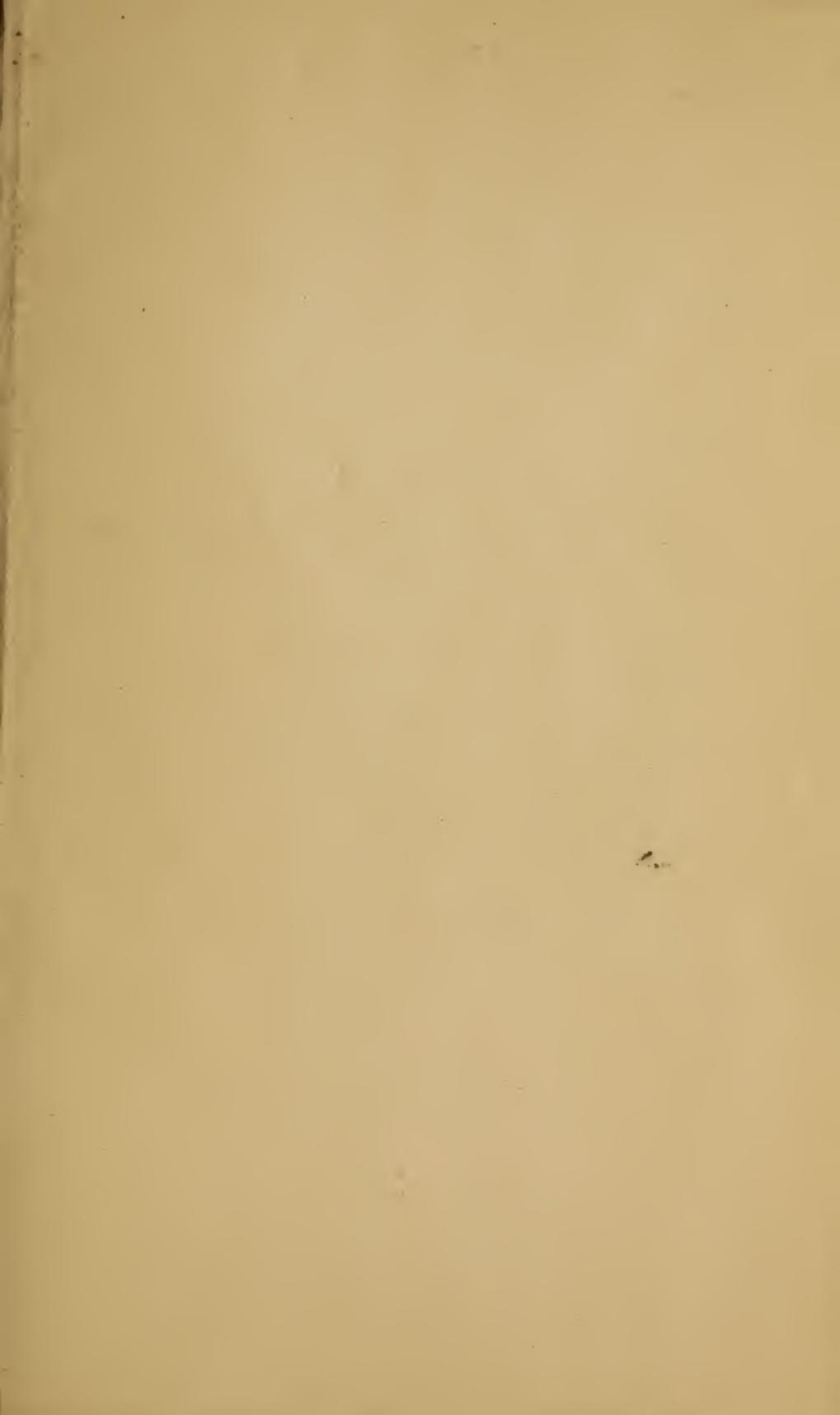
Thou art the eye of Pity, that surveys
Man wandering thro' life's mystic ways ;
His various changes are thy theme,
His loves, his laughs, his tears : like him, thou art a dream.

XXIII.

Forgive, blest Muse, my want of skill to sing
Thy wond'rous praise. O round me fling
The mantle of sweet thought ; and strew,
As erst, with flowers, the path I pensive still pursue.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
WHITEFRIARS.

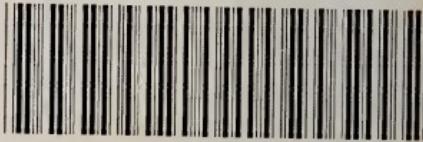








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 526 187 9

